

Star-rosaries, an eremite

Tells to the cadence of a psalm ;  
The presence hides its face in light,  
And breathes a rapture from the calm.

The tribute of a hymn is heard,

Played by the breeze through leaves entwined,  
And golden-winged, a little bird  
Soars to the God it cannot find,

It drops its song, that falls like dew

Upon earth's open hearts and flowers ;  
And answering, the deep boughs through,  
The blessing came in healing showers.

The choristers each bent a spray,

Their full throats budded into song ;  
Antiphonal, before the day,  
The swelling chorus swept along ;

It gathered tributes of the morn :

Dream, mystery and full repose.  
The minor chords of woes forlorn,  
The perfect worship of the rose.